North of Fifty-Three

The Romance of a Cave-Man and a Pretty School Teacher By Bertrand Sinclair

TROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Welr is a stemographer in the employ of ton a Bush, the inner partner, proposes the Bush, the inner partner, proposes Bhe rejects him. He spreads false stories ber character. These stories make Hami's drop her. Barrow, retuting to believe her breaks the engagement. Hassi goes to Meadows, in the far Northwest, to begin as a school teacher. She is lost in the there and meets "Rouring Bill" Wasstaff, desperado. He undertakes to guide her the village through the midmight woods, he conducts her toward his own far off-em camp.

ineas, even in conversation, because the recognized the masterful quality of the man. She told herself that she could have liked Roaring Bill Wagnard what she considered the rules of the game. And she had no mind to allow his personality to sweep her off her feet in the same determined manner feet in the same determined manner that he had carried her into the will-derness. She was no longer afraid of here a couple of summers ago. There were two women in the bunch. The youngest one, who was about your derness. She was no longer afraid of him. She occasionally forgot, in spite of herself, that she had a deep-seated than her share of vanity. I guess she grievance against him. At such times flying the bear and the moss, or the simple aborigines who dwell in this neck of the woods. Any-how, she had all kinds of unnecessentine enjoyment. She would find sary fixings along, that trunkful of herself smiling at Bill's quaint tricks what a nice time their guides had of speech. Then she would recollect packing that on a horse, eh? They

bars surface surrounding it were they told you, and Caribbo Meadows by into the fire, bearskins, black and brown. Her feet can't tell anything about me that isn't "No," he said slowly, "all men are rested in the fur of a monster silverbid," he said quietly. "My record not brutes—any more than all women contact and the walls ran conclusion. And I wanted to be with shelves filled with books. A guitar you, to take you by stood in one corner, a mandolin in storm and make you like me as I felt another. The room was all of six- I sould care for you. You can't have teen by twenty feet, and it was filled grown up, little person, without realizable of the wild—and books. I couldn't take you out now it is ing that you do attract men very the dust that had gath—strongly. All women do, but some far the fire.

"No," he said slowly, "all men are not brutes—any more than all women not brutes—any more than all women are angels. I'll convince you of that."

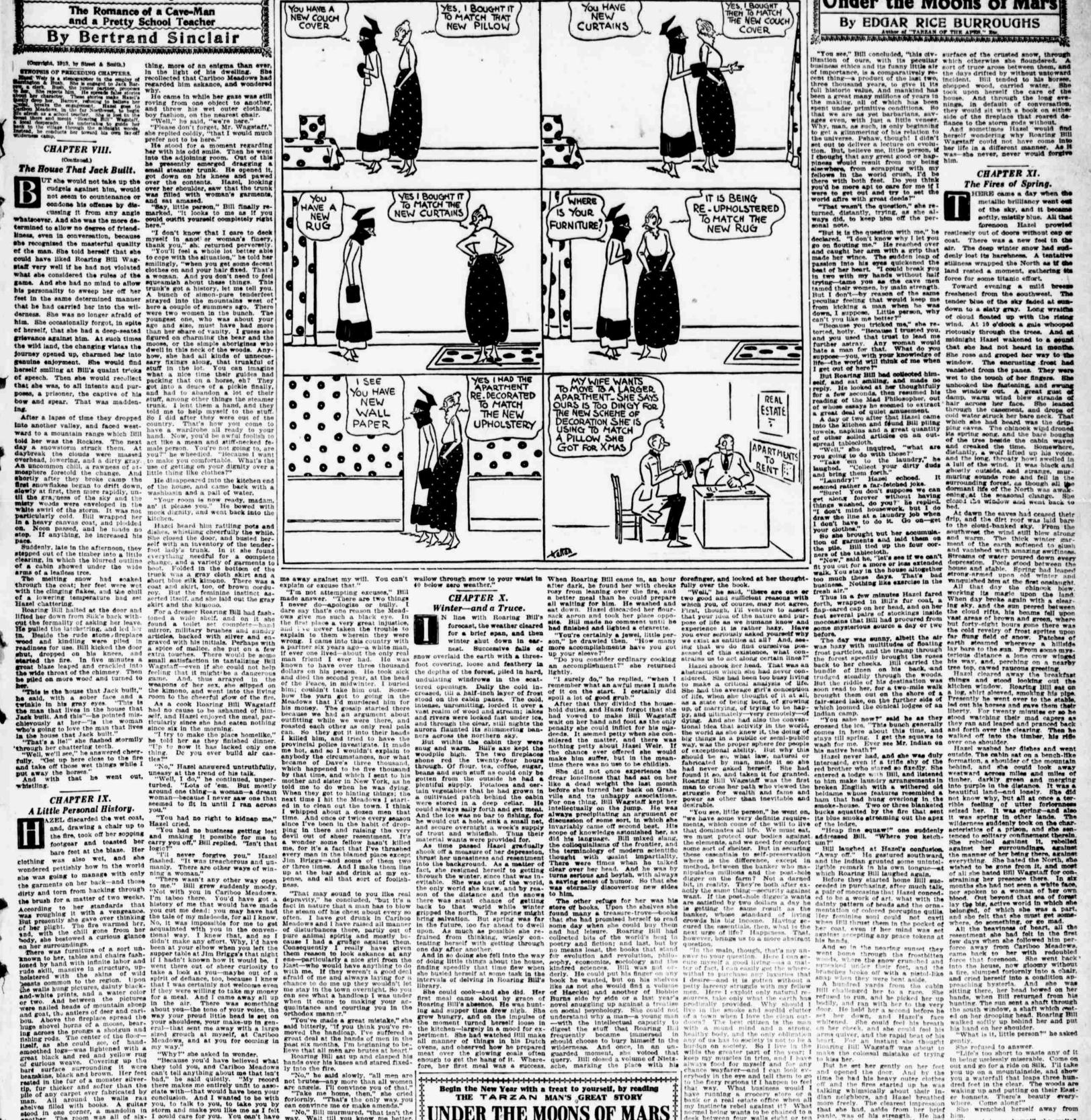
"Take me home, then," she cried forloring. "That's the only way, you way, you way. You can't have teen by twenty feet, and it was filled grown up, little person, without realizable. I couldn't take you out now it is without exposing you be greater hardships than you'll have

thing, more of an enigma than ever, in the light of his dwelling. She recollected that Cariboo Meadows had regarded him askance, and wondered

Based Wer is a stemographer in the employ of manneather & Buah. He is engaged to Jack Barter & Buah. He is engaged to Jack Barter & Buah. He is engaged to Jack Barter & Buah. He present him, He spreads false stories have been to be an in the present him. He spreads false stories have been to Buah. He provent him of present him. He spreads false stories have been to Carthon Meadown in the far Northwest, to begin its effect as a school water. Hasel gone to Garthon Meadown in the far Northwest, to begin its effect as a school water. Hasel gone to Garthon Meadown in the far Northwest, to begin its effect as a school water. Hasel gone to grant from one object to another, and threw his wet outer clothing, boy fashion, on the nearest chair. "Well." he said, "we're here." "He astood for a moment regarding her with his odd smile. Then he went into the adjoining room. Out of this he presently emerged dragging a emall steamer trunk. He opened it, got down on his knees and pawed over the contents. Hazel, looking over her shoulder, saw that the trunk wand sat armazed. "Say, little person." Bill finally remarked, "it looks to me as if you could outfit yourself completely right here."

"I don't know that I care to deck

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



another. The room was all of sixteen by twenty feet, and it was filled
with trophies of the wild-and books.
Except for the dust that had gathExcept for the dust that had gathered lightly in its owner's absence,
the housemaid had but gone over it.
Hazel shrugged her shoulders. RoarHazel shrugged her shoulders. Roaring Bill Wagstaff became, if any-

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always food for myself and for any chance wayfarer—and I can look everybody in the eye and tell them to go to the flery regions if I happen to feel that way. What business would I have running a grocery store or a bank or a real estate office when all my instincts rebel against it? What time he had his heavy outer clothes off and the fires started up he was talking whimsically about their inhave running a grocery store of a bank or a real estate office when all my instincts rebel against it? What normal being wants to be chained to a desk between four walls eight or ten hours a day fifty weeks in the year? I'll bet a nickel there was many a time when you were clacking a typewriter for a living that you'd have given anything to get out in the green fields for a while. Isn't that so as shooter. He taught her to walk on snowshoes, lightly over the six of a six shooter. He taught her to walk on snowshoes, lightly over the contents. There's waking up and putting on their East-dian neighbors, and Hazel preathed more freely. The clearest impression that she had, aside from her brief panic, was of his strength. He had the was of his strength. He had then a caslly as if she had been a child.

After that they went out many times together. Bill took her hunting, initiated her into the mysteries of rifle shooting and the manipulation of a six shooter. He taught her to walk on snowshoes, lightly over the contents. There was making up and putting on their East-dan He to be should a waking up and putting on their lear. The woods are waking up and putting on their East-dan He to be such the clear. The woods are waking up and putting on their lear bonnets. There's beauty every where, come along."

She wrenched herself away from hun.

'I want to go home!" She walled.

'I hate you and the fires that they went out many times together. Bill took her hunting in it. If you've got a spark of a six shooter. He taught her to walk on snowshoes, lightly over the walk on snowshoes, lightly over the six and the clear. The woods are walking up and putting on their East-had her bonnets. There's beauty every walking up and putting on the clear. The woods are walking up and putting on the rebonnets. There's beauty every walking up and putting on the lear. The woods are walking up and putting on the free had her bonnets. There'

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD Under the Moons of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"You see," Bill concluded, "this civilization of ours, with its peculiar business ethics and its funny little air of importance, is a comparatively recent thing—a product of the last two, three thousand years, to give it its full historic value, And mankind has been a great many millions of years in the making, all of which has been a great many millions of years in the making, all of which has been as yet barbarians, savages even, with just a little veneer. Why, man, as such, is only beginning to get a glimmering of his relation to the universe. Pshaw, though! I didn't set out to deliver a lecture on evolution. But, believe me, little person, if I thought that any great sood or happiness would result from my being elsewhere, from scrapping with my fellows in the world crush, I'd be there with both feet. Do you think you'd be more apt to care for me if I were to get out and try to set the world afire with great deeds?"

"That wasn't the question," she returned, distantly, trying, as she al-

"That wasn't the question," she re-turned, distantly, trying, as she al-ways did, to keep him off the per-sonal note.

ways did, to keep him off the personal note.

"But k is the question with me," he declared. "I don't know why I let you go on flouting me." He reached over and caught her arm with a grip that made her wince. The sudden leap of passion into his eyes quickened the beat of her heart. "I could break you in two with my hands without half trying—tame you as the cave men tamed their women, by main strength. But I don't—by reason of the same peculiar feeling that would keep me from kicking a man when he was down, I suppose. Little person, why can't you like me better?"

"Because you tricked me," she retorted, hotly. "Because I trusted you, and you used that trust to lead me further astray. Any woman would hate a man for that. What do you suppose—you, with your knowledge of life—the world will think of me when I get out of here?"

But Roaring Bill had collected him-

of the sky, and it became softly, mistily blue. All that forenoon Hazel prowied